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Memphis,
Tenn.

Tuesday April 10-17.

Darling Joe: —

Last night I received your letter dated April 5th so its seems to have been some delays in the mail. To-day, - this morning - I was pleasantly surprised with one dated Apr 9th. I have to smile every time I think of you sitting next to a lady that looked like me and because she did, you wanted to speak to her. Pretty soon, Joe, you'll have me thinking all Memphis resembles me. You are a perfect dear, loveable crazy cat. and I love you so much - but — You must not allow yourself to

me. I know what an ache it is — even though it was for one day — but that was plenty. Do you know, I think, if besides your glasses, you'll wear a green eye shade you find it a great relief and it'll take the strain off the eyes — but, I know you won't do it. — so why talk about it?

Yesterday we had Prof. Lewis down to see Sadie, and he left everybody feeling easier and relieved. Especially mother, relieved from both anxiety and *. He said as everyone had said that it was a case of tonsilitis and adenoids. He left become blue. I love every bit of you but the blue part — & br-r-r- I hate that part! don't like the blues! so you must stop it!

You must, Joe, wear your glasses continually for that is the about the only thing, I guess, which will give you any relief — and besides you must help along by not over-straining your eyes or by using them too much. Don't read at night — for a while anyway — besides, good long walks will do you more good than harm. Don't you think so? You promise to obey — so, do this for

a prescription for exactly what I had brought home for her — maybe, I did feel like a big profess! Anyway it made a big difference in her — she feels better and is beginning to sleep better, too; for which she is happy — and I am too. It was well worth the money, believe me! — I was beginning to forget how to sleep!

Sweetheart, mine, I am so sorry that Seder night was such a blue one for you, yet it seemed much more vividly colored for me. I was sorry, however, for you — but so happy that you can make a Seder! I was surprised to know it! but I shouldn't have been — do I wait for that day to come? We'll invite everyone to make them happy and to let them see how happy we are — but! as usual I don't know anything I should know — so you'll have to teach me — "a little schiter" — how to prepare for our Seder — (but you must promise not to tell anybody about it — how stupid I am). Sometimes I am ashamed of myself. Are you, too, ashamed of me?

You tell me not to worry about

it you do! ——— Ah! ———
do I want to see you in a uniform?
Yes – I want to see you but not in
a uniform. But one thing I want
you to promise me – if those things
should happen that I am earnestly
praying against, – that you must
go to war – that you will come
home first. Will you, Joe?

You see that New Yorker knows
you pretty well – or he shouldn't
have passed that remark. You should
have felt so complimented – he should
for recognizing somebody worth while
when he sees one. This proves that
war – not wrong! – you may just
as well tell the waves of the ocean
not to roll. How can I help it? For
when you have to go, I shall be
giving up all that is dear to me.
I can only hope that things will
not go as far as that, – that the
severed relations will be mended.
Yet if our country needs you –
that is the least you and I can
do – when America is actually at
stake – we must prove ourselves
true Americans and patriots. I
shouldn't want to say that you
shouldn't go – but believe me –

he is a brighter man. Did your bachelor professor think me forward?- I really didn't mean for you to tell him. If he still thinks so of me, Joe, won't you please, Joe, extend my apologies to him - for I truly don't wish him to feel so.

Why should you feel so, towards these poor artists, Joe,? They are not only a hard working lot, but one which is a greatly misunderstood. After all, Joe, it is a talent - and every talent should be appreciated. One of the artists told ~~of~~ his life - which was such a dreary one - so without any cheerful prospect, that his sad face did not have its sad expression for nothing. Some they may perhaps turn to something else, yet painting, with all its miseries is dear to them - that is where their heart lies - just as dear to them as law is to my precious Joe. Everyone likes to enjoy a pretty picture. Some more than others - even you admitted it, Joe. - and somebody must paint them. And not every one can - only those unfortunates that have the talent. Motion pictures and cameras can, to a certain

Jewish. One, a Jew, was a cripple, a pitiful hunch back — and his pictures it seemed portrayed his miserableness. They were all so dark and dreary — surely just how he must have felt.

I shall see Rose Thursday, I expect. Was indeed surprised to find out that she had written to you about the store. Could it be that she wanted to keep it a secret and surprise you? or has she written to you since about it?

extent bring out natures healthy but in form only — the artist is the one that can produce it in natures colorings and shadings, in natures charms. Perhaps if you too, had seen these artists and their works — some of it, real wonderful — you too would be less critical — I know you would be, if you could see their sad faces, sad, yet so kind. I don't approve of them all — but the few that I met were really, very nice. All with the exception of one — were

Yesterday and to-day was real cold. Hope its winter's farewell kiss — cause I sure do hate this cold changeable weather. Imagine! I had to wear a heavy dress, my big black coat and furs! my coat. I haven't been wearing this past month at all.

This is the fat letter you asked for, but I doubt whether it is a nice one. Here I worry you about nasty green eye shades and then about artists — but — "Ah love you, anyhow". As a proof here is a big kiss From Your Frances.